And plucke the mangled *Tibalt* from his ſhrowd,
And in this rage with ſome great kinſmans bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſperate braines.
O looke, methinkes I ſee my couſins ghoſt
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his body
Upon a Rapiers point: ſtay *Tibalt* ſtay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee.

Enter Lady of the houſe and Nurſe.

La. Hold, take theſe keyes, and fetch more ſpices Nurſe.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Paſtry.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakt meats, good *Angelica*
Spare not for coſt.
Nurſe. Goe you Cot-queane, goe,
Get you to bed, faith you'll be ſicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Cap. No, not a whit, what? I have watcht ere now
All night for leſſe cauſe, and nere been ſicke.
La. I, you have been a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurſe.

Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood: now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with ſpits, and logs, and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke ſir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haſte, make haſte; ſirrah fetch drier logges:
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
Fel. I have a head ſir that will finde out logges,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. Maſſe and well ſaid, a merry horſon, ha,
Thou ſhalt be Loggerhead. Good faith 'tis day.

Play Muſicke.

The County will be here with Muſicke ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would: I heare him neare.
Nurſe, wife, what ho, what Nurſe I ſay.

Enter Nurſe.

Goe waken *Juliet*, goe and trim her up,

Ile goe and chat with
Make haſte, the Brideg
I ſay.
Nur. Miſtris, what
Why lambe, why Lady
Why Love I ſay, Mada
What? not a word? you
Sleepe for a weeke; for
The County *Paris* hath
That you ſhall reſt bu
Marry and Amen, how
I muſt needs wake her
I, let the County take
Hee'll fright you up ifa
What dreſt and in your
I muſt needs wake you
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe,
Oh weladay that ever I
Some *Aqua vitæ* ho, my
Mo. What noiſe is
Nur. O lamentable
Mo. What is the ma
Nur. Looke, looke, O
Mo. O me, O me, m
Revive, looke up, or I
Helpe, helpe, call helpe
En
Fa. For ſhame bring
Nur. Shee's dead, de
Mo. Alacke the day,
Fa. Hah, let me ſee h
Her blood is ſetled, and
Life and theſe lips have
Death lyes on her like a
Upon the ſweeteſt flowe
Nur. O lamentable d
Mo. O wofull time!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIB